



PILLARS

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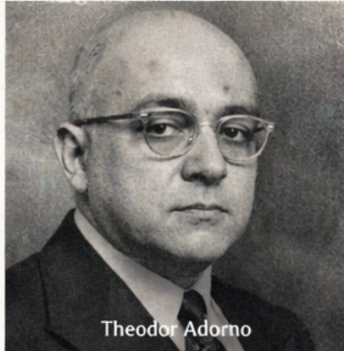
Irrelevant Questions and Random Answers

PILLARS

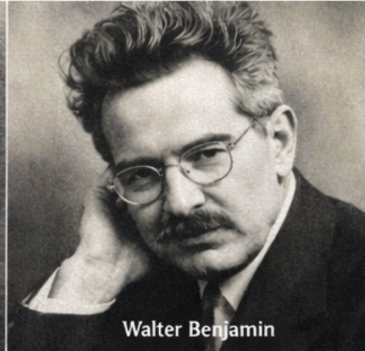


The Frankfurt School

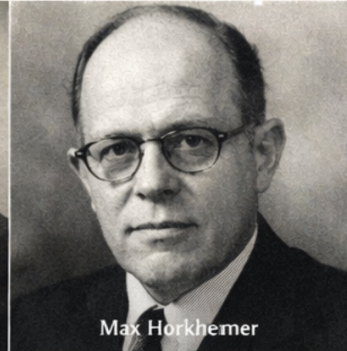
Theorists and Modernity



Theodor Adorno



Walter Benjamin



Max Horkheimer

The notable writers on modernity in the first half of the twentieth century were the Frankfurt School of Critical Theorists, such as Theodor Adorno, Max Horkheimer and Walter Benjamin. Benjamin's ninth thesis in his "Theses on the Philosophy of History" provides a famous image of "the nightmare of history" as the Modernists saw it. He describes an "Angel of History". His face is turned toward the past. Where we perceive a chain of events, he sees one single catastrophe which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage and hurls it in front of his feet. The angel would like to stay, awaken the dead, and make whole what has been smashed. But a storm is blowing from Paradise; it has got caught in his wings with such violence that the angel can no longer close them. The storm irresistibly propels him into the future to which his back is turned, while the pile of debris before him grows ever higher. This storm is what we call progress' (Benjamin 1973:259-60). This image complements the idea of the 'Angel of History'.



"Walter Benjamin's 'Angel of History'"

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Modernism:

A Literary and Cultural Revolution



INTRODUCTION

The Modernist movement of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries constituted a literary and cultural revolution. Modernism's importance is **undeniable**, from its break with realism to its influence on postmodernism. Modernism combines a comprehensive introduction to the movement with original analyses of key Modernist texts.

As Peter Childs traces the Modernist movement from its roots and through its various branches, he tackles such issues as gender, class, race and sexuality, offering an account which is critically informed and engaging throughout. This essential guide stakes the reader from the who's who and what's what of Modernism to an advanced understanding of this crucial cultural movement.

MODERNISM

"Modernist art is, in most critical usage, reckoned to be the art of what Harold Rosenberg calls *"the tradition of the new"*. It is experimental, formally complex, elliptical, contains elements of decreation as well as creation, and tends to associate notions of an artist's freedom from realism, materialism, traditional genre and form, with notions of cultural apocalypse and disaster. . . . We can dispute about when it starts (French symbolism; decadence; the break-up of naturalism) and whether it has ended (Kermode distinguishes *"paleo-modernism"* and hence a degree of continuity through to post-art) We can regard it as a timebound concept (say 1890 to 1930) or a timeless one (including Stretton, Donne, Villon, Ronsard)"

. . . The best focus remains a body of major writers (James, Conrad, Proust, Mann, Gide, Kafka, Svevo, Joyce, Musil, Faulkner in fiction; Strindberg, Pirandello, Wedekind, Brecht in drama; Mallarmé, Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Rilke, Apollinaire, Stevens in poetry) whose works are aesthetically radical, contain striking technical innovation, emphasize spatial or "fugal" as opposed to chronological form, tend towards ironic modes, and involve a certain "dehumanisation of art."

—Malcolm Bradbury
in *A Dictionary of Modern Critical Terms*, ed. Roger Fowler

Media in an Age of Mass Persuasion



Media in an Age of Mass Persuasion

One element of early-twentieth-century transnationalism that bore heavily on literary modernism was the development of novel technologies for transmitting information: telegraph, radio, cinema, and new forms of journalism not only reconfigured culture's audiences but also helped speed manifestos, works of art, and often artists across national and continental borders.

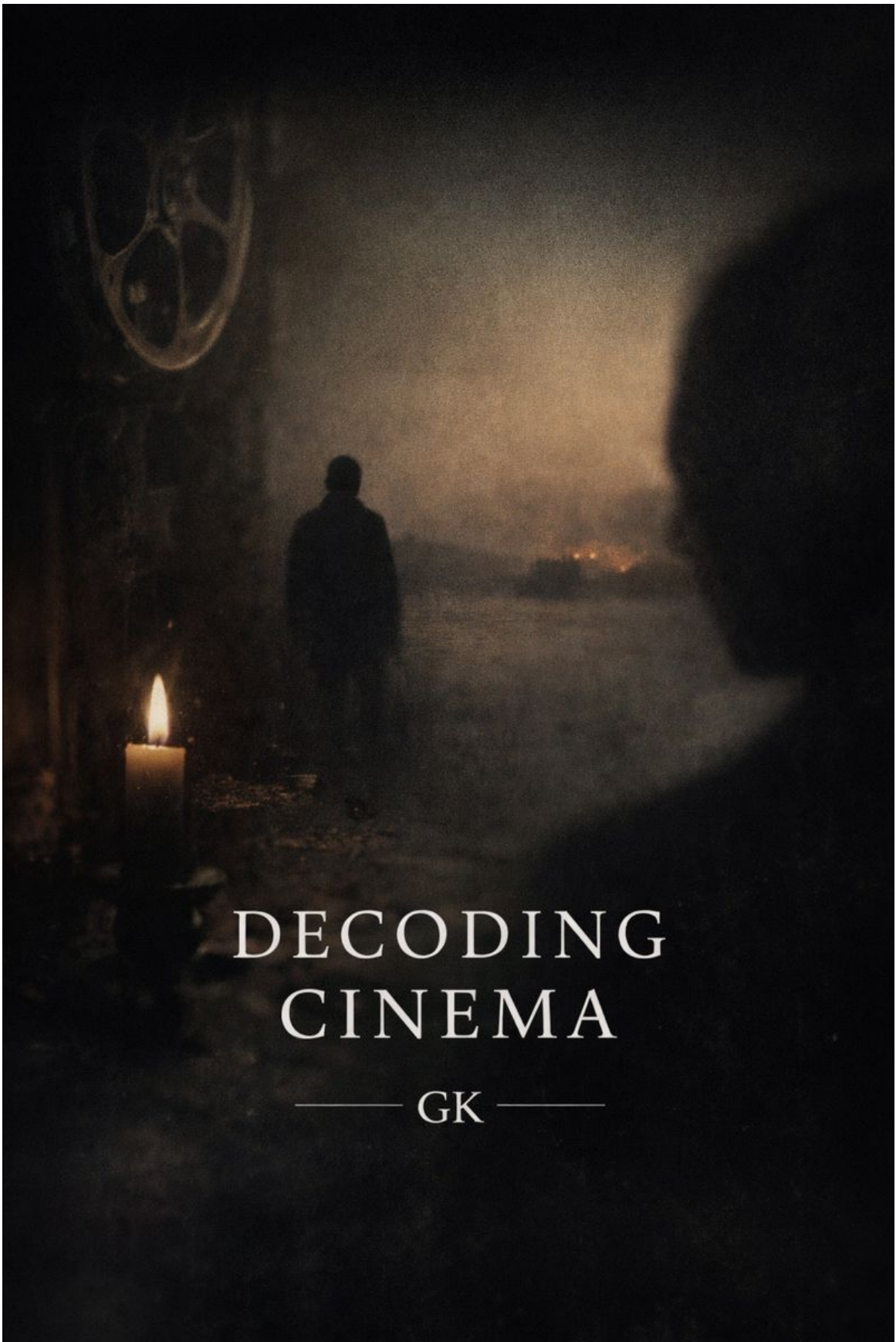
As Anthony L. Geist and Jose B. Monlèon note, "[T]he invention of new communication technologies and the increasing globalization of capital following World War I" meant that "the avant-garde movements appeared simultaneously in the margins and the center. No longer can one speak of culture 'arriving late' to the far-flung removes of the empire" (xxx).



Conclusion

Modernism is a transformative, international movement reflecting a profound break from traditional Victorian values, in response to industrialization and global conflict. It defined itself through experimentation, fragmentation, and a search for new forms of expression in art, literature, and architecture. It was a self-conscious, "make it new" approach to art, shifting from objective realism to subjective, internal, and often disillusioned, psychological perspectives. It is like a deconstruction of that era.



A dark, atmospheric scene. In the center, a person's silhouette stands looking out over a misty, hazy landscape. To the left, a single lit candle provides a warm, localized light source. Above the candle, a film reel is visible, hanging or resting on a surface. The overall mood is mysterious and cinematic. The text 'DECODING CINEMA' is centered in the lower half of the image in a white, serif font.

DECODING CINEMA

— GK —

DECODING CENIMA

Hope, Built One Day at a Time

There are movies that impress you, and then there are movies that stay with you quietly, resurfacing years later when life feels heavy. *The Shawshank Redemption* belongs firmly to the second category.

It doesn't chase spectacle or emotional shortcuts. Instead, it tells a patient, deeply human story about endurance, friendship, and the kind of hope that survives even when it has no reason to.

Set almost entirely within the walls of *Shawshank Prison*, the film follows Andy *Dufresne*, a man sentenced to life for a crime he claims he didn't commit.

Andy is not a typical cinematic hero—he's reserved, thoughtful, and rarely raises his voice. Yet that restraint is exactly what makes him compelling. He resists prison not with violence, but with intellect and quiet persistence, slowly carving out dignity in a place designed to erase it.



DECODING CENIMA

The heart of the film lies in Andy's friendship with Red, a seasoned inmate who understands the rules of survival better than anyone. Their bond grows organically, built on small moments, shared conversations, and mutual respect. Through Red, the film explores one of its most powerful ideas: that hope can be dangerous—but without it, life becomes a slow kind of death. Shawshank never romanticizes prison, but it never strips its characters of humanity either.

What elevates *The Shawshank Redemption* into something timeless is its emotional payoff. The story unfolds at its own pace, trusting the audience to stay with it. And when the final moments arrive, they don't shout—they resonate. The ending doesn't just offer release; it offers meaning. It reminds us that freedom isn't only about escaping walls, but about refusing to let the world convince you that change is impossible.

More than a prison drama, *The Shawshank Redemption* is a reflection on time, patience, and belief. It's a film you can return to at different points in your life and find something new waiting for you—quiet, steady, and deeply reassuring.

Rating: 5/5

A masterclass in storytelling that proves hope, once held onto, can outlast anything.

BOOK REVIEW



Xtraluggage

BOOK REVIEW

Cujo

Stephen King's *Cujo* presents a tense survival narrative centered on a once-friendly dog who contracts rabies and becomes a sustained threat to a small community. The novel's premise is simple but effective: an ordinary setting, an escalating danger, and a growing sense of helplessness.

The core of the story follows a mother and her young son trapped in a broken-down car under extreme heat while *Cujo* waits outside. King excels at building discomfort—between the oppressive sun, dwindling water, and constant fear, the situation becomes increasingly unbearable. The suspense is slow-burning and relentless, often to the point of exhaustion, which appears to be intentional.

That said, the novel can feel longer than necessary. Large sections dwell extensively on tension that has already been clearly established, and the focus on suffering occasionally outweighs narrative progression. *Cujo* himself is less a character than a force of nature, which reinforces the horror but limits emotional complexity.

One of the novel's more effective elements is its underlying theme of inevitability. *Cujo* is less about good versus evil and more about the randomness of disaster—how a series of small, ordinary failures can spiral into tragedy. King's frequent shifts in perspective emphasize that no one is fully in control, reinforcing the novel's bleak outlook. While this thematic depth adds weight to the story, it also contributes to the emotionally draining experience, leaving readers unsettled rather than satisfied.

Rating: 3.5 out of 5

Cujo is a compelling and well-written suspense novel that succeeds in creating sustained tension, even if it occasionally overstays its welcome. Its strengths lie in atmosphere and psychological pressure, though the pacing may frustrate readers looking for momentum or resolution. A solid, unsettling read—just not one you finish feeling particularly cheerful.



Re-Engineering Thoughts

PB



REENGINEERING THOUGHTS

The Paradox of Brilliance and Blunders



The Paradox of Brilliance and Blunders

Sony, the conglomerate we see today, was driven by a powerful and clear motivation in its early years. Young Japanese engineers wanted to change the global perception of Japanese goods in the international market, and they succeeded. One of Sony's co-founders, Mr. Akio Morita, explains in detail in his book *Made in Japan* how innovation and determination set Sony's standards during its early phase, especially while developing transistor radios.

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Masterstrokes are often widely discussed—such as **Warren Buffett's** investment

 **American Express** at its most vulnerable moment, or  **Rakesh Jhunjhunwala's** investment in **Titan** during a difficult phase, both of which later proved highly successful.

But what about the **mistakes**? Consider Buffett's investment in Dexter Shoe Company, where his assessment of competitive advantage failed. He paid for the acquisition using 

Berkshire Hathaway shares instead of cash—a decision he later described as one of his biggest blunders, as those shares **multiplied** enormously in value. **Studying Buffett's** American Express investment gives us insights into conviction and opportunity, but his mistake with Dexter Shoes offers an equally important lesson. It reportedly influenced his reluctance to use Berkshire stock for acquisitions afterward.

Together, these cases serve as a reminder to investors: even the greatest can misjudge, and every decision carries risk.

REENGINEERING THOUGHTS

Conviction, Defeat, and the Weight of History

Defeat can approach at any stage of life. Winston Churchill, for example, was one of the few members of the British Parliament who consistently warned about the growing threat of Adolf Hitler. When Hitler's aggression became reality and Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain failed to contain it — especially after the fall of France — Chamberlain resigned, and Churchill took office. Churchill then led Britain through one of its darkest hours, including the remarkable Dunkirk evacuation, which saved hundreds of thousands of Allied soldiers. Despite multiple indirect peace signals from Hitler, Churchill refused to yield or negotiate surrender. His firm stand against Nazism earned him global recognition as one of the most significant leaders of the first half of the twentieth century.

Yet, despite his wartime leadership and stature, Churchill lost the post-war general election to Clement Attlee — a powerful reminder that even the greatest figures can face defeat.

Conviction as a Masterstroke

When we look back at history, we often find that completely contrasting decisions can each prove to be brilliant masterstrokes under different circumstances. Context, timing, and conviction make all the difference.

For example, in the middle of the American Civil War, Abraham Lincoln faced re-election while the nation was exhausted and divided. His opponent, General McClellan, favored ending the war through negotiation. Lincoln, however, remained determined to continue the war in order to preserve the Union and permanently end the long-standing injustice of slavery.

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REENGINEERING THOUGHTS

PB

Brilliance, Blunder, and the Judgment of Time

In contrast, in Russia during World War I, the Tsar chose to continue the war in hopes of strengthening his regime and suppressing revolutionary movements. Vladimir Lenin, however, strongly opposed the war, even though this position was initially unpopular amid nationalist sentiment. — As the Russian economy collapsed and public suffering grew, opposition to the war intensified. Lenin's anti-war stance later gained mass support, enabling the Bolsheviks to seize power. In this case, refusing the war — not continuing it — became the decisive strategic masterstroke.

Coming to the present day, there are many such paradoxes of brilliance and blunder that we may be witnessing right now, but only time will judge them correctly. Will the Tatas in India face backlash for plunging huge money into Air India — is it a visionary revival move, or an emotional legacy decision because their doyen JRD Tata was India's first commercial pilot? Or will it turn out to be a long-term strategic masterstroke?

These are the kinds of decisions that sit exactly at the crossroads of *bolding* brilliance and blunder — and history will later choose the label.

History, Memory, and the Modern Record

On the modern day, we have technology to record the present much more accurately, so it cannot be easily manipulated like in the past. Earlier, history could be shaped by imagination and artistic glorification — like the famous painting of Napoleon climbing the *Alps* to invade Austria on a highly energetic horse — when in reality he actually crossed on a rather unappealing mule. The legend was painted grand; the truth was far more ordinary.

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With modern documentation, data trails, recordings, and decision logs, tomorrow's historians will have fewer blind spots — though interpretation will still differ. That is why revisiting history and contemporary decisions with *re-engineered* thought is important; today's controversial move may become tomorrow's masterstroke — or *its textbook* blunder.

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TALE / BALD

The officer was seated with the tech team and with his constable at his right followed by principal, obviously there was an inevitable crowd but the footage was played to seek who shot. Officer was keen at watching the footage, victim was standing and suddenly he was shot and fallen to ground as one fit, long haired man running away by crossing him.....then there was nothing. The shooter was not caught at any angle or the camera of college's. Officer must check the other footage from other source or from the cameras of bridge, or the house nearby. It had to be a rigorous search of shooter, while he had been remained in the shadows. Unknown and yet not touched or found either, as police were hunting for him with their existing resource of cameras, jeep, car dash boards of the parked cars in the platform which had become a tiring process by finding the cars and locating it. Officer was in need of separate team of cops hence he submitted the letter to his higher officials, in response there was none. Officer was very much disappointed and he could not investigate about the professor being shot and admitted, yet unconscious. He was at the bed of the pale cubicle without any one on his side, alone in the flashing cubicle with lights and several devices.....beep, beep ,beep ,beep was all he could hear and he could not move himself or see what was opposite to him.

He was not only a bald man but also dead man, he cried over it, anger was a followed emotion. He could not bear the pain at the wound; it was the repeated sinking of knife and rotation to puke out blood and flesh. He had to be in college cause there would be no payment if he was taking leave like this without informing the higher officials of the institution. He should face the inevitable consequences; nobody would like to face it. He had become static likewise his dying mother who was not haunting him yet but inside him was enough rotten, so his mother would not do more damage than letting him be existed in this world of black magic and violence. He was disturbed by the nurse with some checking of the blood pressure, drips water level and watching the screen, then left sans a word, not even a word of affirmation. It was because he was bald, he thought, remained silent and soundless, in his utmost pacific although his payment was at stake, Principal would not be happy to get him shot in the gate of college and spoiling the reputation despite his life at stake. He preferred death to this conflicts as an aftermath, but unfortunately he lived, the Baldman who lived, would likely to face enough problem for which he was not a cause in any way. The beauty of life was to carry the burden of others rather than his, and he was mastering it through inheriting the baldness, gaining over weight, undesired profession and unwanted life. He continued to stay alone with no new visitors or an event around him but the constant fear of future was unbearable to cope up with.

The chamber was chocking him to death with stucked up equipments and noise from it with the tubes connected and needle in his nerve which was flowing the medication straight in to his blood, dirtying it, he could see the ceiling, an empty ceiling which brought only emptiness. The void was always with him since he started his life, only disappointments, worries, death and witchcraft. The further living seems unnecessary to him hence he would like to die.....he pulled the tubes off.

Nothing happened, he was alive, but the prolonged beep was alarming him to urge his suicide to be quick, he was disappointed again that there was no window to jump off from. He opened the door and begun climbing to the terrace but it was not so easy despite the people around and nurse. He reached the terrace not with resolve but with exhaustion. The stairs had drained what little strength the wound had spared. Each step felt like a negotiation between muscle and will, and by the time the door creaked open, the night air struck him like an accusation. The city spread below, indifferent and loud, breathing without him. Sirens stitched the distance. The lights did not flicker for his presence. He walked forward, slow, uneven, the concrete cold beneath his bare feet. The edge was closer than he expected, yet impossibly far, like a promise that had always been advertised but never delivered.

His vision narrowed. The world tilted, not dramatically, but quietly—like a sentence losing its grammar.

Blood had soaked through the bandage again. He could feel it, warm and persistent, a reminder that his body was still negotiating its terms with time. His chest tightened. Each breath arrived late, as if it had lost interest in him. He tried to straighten, to command himself forward, but the command did not travel far. Somewhere between intention and action, it dissolved.

His knees buckled.

The fall was unceremonious. No height. No release. Just the dull impact of bone against concrete and the sharp protest of nerves that refused to cooperate further. He lay there, cheek pressed against the floor, tasting dust and iron. The edge was still there, just beyond his reach, an insult more than an invitation.

Above him, the sky remained unchanged.

He laughed once, quietly. It surprised him. The sound felt foreign, like a memory escaping the wrong mouth. Even this, he thought—this too fails. His body had betrayed him again, not by dying, but by insisting on staying. It clung to life without enthusiasm, without purpose, like an outdated machine that refused to shut down.

Footsteps echoed somewhere behind him. Voices followed—urgent, irritated, procedural. Someone called for a stretcher. Someone else cursed softly. Hands touched his shoulders, firm but careless, as though moving an obstacle rather than a man. He did not resist. Resistance required belief, and belief had abandoned him long ago.

As they lifted him, the city slipped out of view. The edge disappeared. The lights blurred into a pale smear that meant nothing. He closed his eyes, not in relief, but in resignation. The void did not open. It never did. It merely waited, patient and complete, residing not beyond the terrace, but within him. Back in the corridor, the familiar smell of disinfectant greeted him like an old enemy. The machines resumed their work. Beep. Beep. Beep. Each sound a declaration that he was still here, still accounted for, still a problem to be managed.

He stared at the ceiling again, the same empty ceiling, unchanged by his attempt to leave it behind. He understood then—not with clarity, but with certainty—that there would be no dramatic exits for him. No endings sharp enough to justify the weight he carried. Only continuation. Only endurance mistaken for survival.

The bald man lived.

Penguin and the Void

Reflections on Life

Penguins are born to live in groups near the ocean, following the same rhythm of life again and again: food, survival, return, repeat. When one penguin walks away from the colony into the silent ice, it feels like a question to exist itself. Is meaning found in following the path, or in choosing one's own direction? The world does not answer. The ice is vast, the sky is empty, and nature is indifferent. Yet the penguin walks. Not because it is sure of survival, and is is as it is sure of death, but because movement itself becomes its only truth. In that silent walk, freedom and futility stand together.



Life itself becomes empty, and the structure of existence is revealed as nothing. Meaning collapses, direction disappears, and only silent movement remains in an indifferent universe. There is no way back. They feel unseen and unheard in their emotions. They become disconnected from the world, even when people are around them. They stand apart from others in their mind, feeling that no one truly understands their inner world.

They realize that every soul must finally walk its own path alone. In a deeper sense, true understanding of life begins when a person faces existence without comfort or support. It can be painful, but can also bring clarity. Because in loneliness, one meets the self and discovers the truth of life. Many people experience loneliness everywhere, yet through it they begin to feel something new within themselves. For me, this feeling carries the weight of deep understanding and becomes one of the most painful, yet meaningful, memories of the heart.

Self-realization begins with a deep search into life, but what it finally discovers is only emptiness and indifference.



In existence, there is no ultimate truth and no final meaning. Some questions have no answers, and no solution waits at the end. Pure lived experience can push a person into the deepest state of awareness, where even clarity reveals nothing but void. Life then appears like a lone journey, left somewhere in the vast design of the world. One becomes a silent discovery, separated from purpose and attachment. This expansion of loneliness is like an Adélie penguin walking away from its colony—moving forward without hope, without direction, and without belief in meaning, into a cold, in-

Like the penguin that loses its way, life too can appear directionless. Yet through loss and failure, reality tempers the soul. Every fall, every moment of defeat, separates one version of existence from another. In that separation, loneliness deepens awareness. Standing alone, the soul is compelled to grow, to see with clarity, and to confront existence in its most raw and unembellished form.

In the end, the image of the solitary penguin becomes a symbol of nihilistic understanding. It represents a life that continues without clear purpose, without promise, and without final meaning. Relationships fade, hopes dissolve, and existence reveals its silent, indifferent nature. Yet within this emptiness, a strange clarity emerges. Like the penguin walking into the vast ice, the individual moves forward—not because of destiny or belief, but because movement itself remains. Nihilism offers neither comfort nor answers; it simply exposes solitude, impermanence, and the quiet endurance of life in a world that gives no meaning in return.



In modern life, nothing truly seems to fulfill us.

Like through loss and failure, reality temper the soul. There are many illusions, and much of what appears meaningful is only temporary and conditional. Love itself often depends on circumstances, and care from others can feel uncertain or fragile. Even the promises of comfort and healing sometimes sound empty. In this condition, loneliness becomes a vast presence in human life, creating a deep distance between people and revealing how isolated each existence truly is.

written by: ARUN

DA VINCI CODE





Irrelevant Questions *and* Random Answers *Priya*



IRRELEVANT

QUESTIONS AND RANDOM ANSWERS

1. Are More Doctors the New Engineers?

More doctors? Sounds like a prescription for more competition. The upside? Maybe your chances of getting an appointment will improve.

Will doctors end up like engineers, struggling to find job? It's a real possibility. We might see a glut of qualified professionals chasing limited opportunities, leading to lower salaries, longer hours, and more stress. Let's hope they don't end up **diagnosing each other with burnout!**

2. Why Does Gen Z Avoid Early Marriage?

For Gen Z, that's like trading in a Ferrari for a minivan before you've even learned to drive.

They crave **freedom**, adventure, and self-discovery.

Marriage feels like a premature curtain call. Why settle down when you can travel the world, build your career, and **swipe right** on an **endless buffet** of possibilities?

3. Is Civic Sense in India Really That Bad?

Let's just say, civic sense in India is more of a **suggestion** than a **rule**.

We've got jaywalkers dodging traffic, trash tossers with cricket bowler precision, and chaotic **queues**.

But hey, we're also masters of making the impossible possible.

There's room for improvement, *but with our huge population, it's not that bad!*

IRRELEVANT

QUESTIONS AND RANDOM ANSWERS

Continued

4. I Wish I'd Been Less Dramatic in the Past – Do You Feel the Same?

Oh, **absolutely!** If I had a **rupee** for every time I replayed a past conversation in my head, I'd be richer than that emerald family. Drama is a quintessential part of the human experience and sometimes it's entertaining.

However, I often wish I could go back in time and whisper to my younger self to **Chill out, maybe don't send** that emotionally charged text at 2 AM.

5. Which Popular Current Role Model Doesn't Seem Truly Worthy of Being Idolized?

Well, I can't name names, but I can tell you that a lot of people are questioning the influence of social media stars who promote unrealistic lifestyles and potentially prioritize self-promotion over **genuine** contribution.

Anyway, it's worth checking if their actions match **their words**.

Take **your** role models with a healthy dose of **skepticism**.

Focus on those who use their platform **for good** and **are authentic**.